

CŒLINA;

A MASK.

WITH

SONGS, CHORUSES, AND A GRAND FINALE;

COMMEMORATIVE OF

THE NUPTIALS

OF

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

THE

Prince of Wales and Princess Caroline.



BY HENRY LUCAS, A. M. &c.

AUTHOR OF "POEMS TO HER MAJESTY;" "THE EARL OF SOMERSET, A TRAGEDY;"
"THE TEARS OF ALNWICK," &c.

"Progeniem sed enim BRUNSWICQUE sine duci
Audierat, GALLIAE olim quæ vertit."

TRANSLATED FROM VIRGIL. EN. 1. l. 23.

"For she had heard from BRUNSWICK that he would flow
"A race, that GALLIA's tow'rs should overthrow."

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1795.

СЕДЛАНІА

卷之三

Second Choruses from a Novel

30-17597-1300

APPENDIX A (cont.)

СОВЕТСКАЯ ГИДРОЭНЕРГЕТИКА



shaded diamond pattern shown to some

ПОДОЛЪ ДОБРОДѢЛЪ ИЗДАЕТЪ СЪВѢРШЕНЪ ИЗДѢЛІЕ ПО ДОБРОДѢЛІ



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二二四

TO

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

THE

PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES;

THIS MASK

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

OBEDIENT, DEVOTED,

AND

MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Charlotte-street, Rathbone-Place, }
April 4. 1795. }

СЕВЕРНОЕ ДУХОВНОЕ УЧЕБНОЕ

УЧЕБНОЕ ЗАВЕДЕНИЕ ПОД НАМЕРЬЮ

ЖАДЫНГ

СЕВЕРНОЕ ДУХОВНОЕ УЧЕБНОЕ

ЗАВЕДЕНИЕ ПОД НАМЕРЬЮ

СЕВЕРНОЕ ДУХОВНОЕ УЧЕБНОЕ

ЗАВЕДЕНИЕ ПОД НАМЕРЬЮ

СЕВЕРНОЕ ДУХОВНОЕ УЧЕБНОЕ

ЗАВЕДЕНИЕ ПОД НАМЕРЬЮ

THE PERSONS.

DORANTHES.

GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

NEPTUNE and TRITONS,

FACTION,

ANARCHY,

DEMOCRACY, &c.

SWAINS,

POETS, &c.

Grotesque Characters.

CŒLINA.

AMPHITRITE.

GODDESS OF TRUTH.

VENUS, CUPID, &c.

DISCORD, FURIES, &c.

DÆMONS, BALLAD-SINGERS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS,
ENGLISH and FRENCH, ATTENDANTS, &c.

SCENE,—*On the Coast of England,---in London, &c.*

270993-1-17

(6.)

CŒLINA;

A MASK.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A Delightful View of the Coast near the Place where CŒLINA lands.—

The Sea at a distance.—Flashes of Light within.

Some SWAINS enter, in Admiration.

1st. SWAIN.

BEHOLD! how luminous the face of Day,
Which sheds celestial fragrance all around!
Earth, Sea, and Air, seem to participate
The sudden impulse of unusual joy!
Nay; as inspir'd with a prophetic soul,
I feel its influence here; altho' the cause
Outsoars my comprehension.

B

2d. SWAIN.

2d. SWAIN.

With like surprize,

Have I observ'd the change! What can it mean?

3d. SWAIN.

In equal wonder all the Country's lost!

1st. SWAIN.

Look, look, behold! The op'ning Firmament
Casts a peculiar brightness on the Earth,
Gilding the skirted region far and near!

Some bless'd DIVINITY, a friend to MAN,
Foreshows impending good! And hark! a peal
Of thunder to the right seems to approve,
And sanction the rich thought! See, larger still,
And brighter it expands to human view.

2d. SWAIN.

And mark! flow gliding down the realms of bliss,
A sacred form descends in Heav'nly state!

3d. SWAIN.

Soft! it alights!

1st. SWAIN.

And now, methinks, I ken
The GENIUS of the land! This way he comes!

As

As he advances, clearer I perceive,
 He fully answers the descript account
 Of that kind SPIRIT by my aged Sire
 So oft portray'd, as visible on Earth,
 When our GREAT WILLIAM landed at TORBAY,
 And flew to snatch the Realm from BIGOTRY !

Now nearer; I distinctly recognise
 The self-same SPIRIT, that, with gracious wing,
 Was seen to hover o'er the pebbled beach,
 When ROYAL CHARLOTTE came to bless our Isle!

2d. SWAIN.

O that his coming would like joy impart!
 Be as it may; our duty bids retire,
 And regulate our conduct by his words !

[They go back.

Enter the GENIUS, with attendant SPIRITS.

GENIUS.

Hail, ALBION, hail! On whose high-favour'd Isle,
 RELIGION, ARTS, and ARMS, accordant smile!

B 2

On

NOTE.

Should this piece have the good fortune to engage the COMPOSER's art, for which it was certainly intended, and without which it must be allowed, in this fascinating hour of Musick, to lose with some more than half its effect, this Poetry may either stand, to be altered to Blank Verse, for Recitative, or to any measure, that may be judged most applicable to the purpose. This remark will serve throughout. At present the measure is entirely the effusion of FANCY in the moment of writing.

On whose resounding, and wide-spreading shores,
Exulting COMMERCE her rich treasure pours!—
These blessings to ensure without alloy,
Have I descended to the Realms of Day!

1st. SWAIN.

[*To the others apart.*

It must be so! His grace of Majesty,
The eager joy, that brightens in his eye,
More than bespeak the tutelary GOD!
Why fear then to approach?

2d. SWAIN.

Hold, hold! for hark!

With Musick of the Spheres, his rapt'rous note
Will speak his further purpose!

[*Musick within.*

GENIUS.

AIR.

Arouse, Arouse, my Heroes bold!
Sons of VALOUR, fam'd of old!
Assert my native reign!
Thro' EAST and WEST's extended course,
Spite of proud GALLIA's hostile force,
Your envied prowess, Lo! the Gods sustain!

While thunders roll,

From Pole to Pole,

'Gainst

'Gainst DEMOCRATIC SLAUGHTER's rage!
 While not a flood
 Of Regal blood
 Its hated frenzy can assuage!
 Upheld by ME,
 And LIBERTY,
 Proceed, fulfill
 Your GENIUS' will!

And dauntless in the glorious cause engage!

CHORUS.
 While thunders roll, &c.

1st. SWAIN.

That Melody would charm a Coward's fears!
 And now to end suspense— [Advances to the GENIUS.
 Great DEITY!—for all your words declare
 The tutelary GOD of BRITAIN's realm—
 Nay; with like awe as wonder, we've beheld
 The sev'ring Clouds emit their sacred Guest!—
 If then an humble Swain—

GENIUS.

Shepherd, no more!

My function penetrates the human Soul,
 And knows its deep recesses! O were all
 As faithful in attachment to the Realm,

Were

Were all my Subjects equally impress'd
 With the calm dictates of the humble Swain,
 Whose forehead sweats with honest Industry;
 No rash opinions, no presumptuous thoughts,
 Dar'd to distract the quiet of the Land!
 But by th' approaching scene of gen'ral joy,
 The Gods present a speedy remedy!

1st. SWAIN.

Both HEAV'N and EARTH presage some glad event,
 Of which our ignorance would trace the cause—

GENIUS.

Learn that of Me!—for what Benevolence,
 In EARTH or HEAV'N, can claim superior praise,
 Than to inform the TRUTH-enquiring mind;
 Chief in that knowledge, whereby to discern
 His own, and therein to promote the public weal!

Learn then! my anxious zeal for ENGLAND's fate,
 By inward Faction, and external force,
 Alarm'd beyond remotest precedent,
 Call'd me to Earth to spirit up my Sons,
 And see the purpose of the Gods compleat!

1st. SWAIN.

Bend all to grace and goodness so divine!

[All bend, or kneel.

GENIUS.

GENIUS.

No more, but mark! In synod held on high,
 At which the GRACES, and the GOD of LOVE—
 —The fillet first remov'd from off his sight—
 VENUS, and all the smiling HOURS, attended ;
 It was decreed to 'gin this happy change,
 With rich alliance of the chaste CÆLINA,
 With princely, lov'd DORANTHES. Him ye know—
 —For who, thro'out the realm, of humblest state,
 Knows not the SON of their admir'd CHIEF,
 Whose Soul capacious, and delighted thoughts,
 Are all concentrated in the PUBLIC GOOD !
 Know ye not then the Son?

THE SWAINS.

[Loud.

Yes! all, all, all!

1st. SWAIN.

Yes! all, kind Pow'r! Tho' much our language fails
 To give due utt'rance to the NATION's praise,
 Which greets DORANTHES second to his Sire !

GENIUS.

His Nuptials then, sure pledge of Peace and joy,
 Discordant Pow'rs are lab'ring to prevent,
 And will attempt—for O what will not such

Rash

Rash Foes attempt, who ride thro' seas of blood
To their new Idol, fierce DEMOCRACY!

What then my fears, left FRENZY intercept
The GOLDEN FLEECE, rich freighted to our Shore?

2d. SWAIN.

Kind PROVIDENCE avert the threaten'd ill!

GENIUS.

That be my care and NEPTUNE's, by whose aid
My Sons preserve dominion o'er the deep!

May all the Pow'rs above inspire their Souls
With Virtue, as with Valour, to deserve,
And thence maintain th' invaluable gift,
The native strength, and bulwark of the land!

His favour now I seek. When he appears,
At distance—as befits your mortal Sense—
Await the issue! Musick, to the spell!

AIR.

Patron of my Sea-girt Isle,
Still on BRITONS deign to smile!
Forth from the oozy bed,
Where Father THAMES reclines his head,
Arise, the Foe's proud vauntings to beguile!

The NORTHERN wave
Of storms bereave,
And bring CÆLINA safe from DISCORD's threaten'd wile!

NEPTUNE

NEPTUNE rises behind in his car, with TRITONS.

GENIUS.

And see! The wat'ry GOD his head upears,
His glad'ning presence dissipates my fears!
Proud of his THAMES, and anxious for its fate,
He comes, in old aquatic splendour great!

NEPTUNE, &c. come forward.

GENIUS. [Advancing to meet him.

Hail, sedge-crown'd Monarch of the azure plain,
*Who sooths the waves, or swells the raging Main!
Say, did the PRINCELY, LOVE-appointed fleet,
Thy partial favour and indulgence meet?

NEPTUNE.

Yes, happy GENIUS! Such propitious gales,
By LOVE and ZEPHYRS fann'd, have swell'd their sails,
That all-triumphant, thro' the Northern deep,
Their unresisted, gallant course they keep!

GENIUS.

What thanks are thine! O what should BRITAIN fear,
With us united for the gen'ral care!

* "Et mulcere dedit fluctus, & tollere vento."

Virgil.

C

NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE.

If the whole Nation, like a sev'n-fold shield,
 Compact and firm in Council, and in field;
 If EUROPE's Pow'rs, that should be coaleſc'd,
 Were with one Soul, one common ardour bleſſ'd;
 Then—at the hand of laurel'd VICTORY—
 Then—nor 'till then—can we expect to ſee
 The world restor'd to PEACE and LIBERTY!
 Let UNION be "the order of the Day,"
 And who ſhall stand againſt BRITANNIA's fway?

GENIUS.

The Time ſuch UNION claims; for it has been,
 That FACTION would diſturb the envied Scene!
 But by the preſent NUPTIALS all combin'd,
 CONCORD and LOVE ſhall harmonize the Mind!

NEPTUNE.

This treasure to protect from ENVY's reach,
 Let's haſten all to* ——— clifted beach!
 And hark———

[Cannon as at a diſtance.]

NOTE.

* As this Work was at preſs before the Fleet arrived, though not intended to have been published before the Ceremony was over, it was thought better to leave Blanks for the place of the PRINCESS's landing, than hazard a wrong name. The Reader will please now to fill them right.

NEPTUNE

Q

AIR

AIR,

DUETTO, and CHORUS.

NEPTUNE.

Hark! the Cannon's distant roar
 Floats in ringlets down the shore!
 And from its hollow-founding throat,
 Gives the joy-inspiring note,
 That my proud NAVY fears no hostile pow'r!

GENIUS.

Hark! Its voice again, again,
 Bounds upon the wat'ry plain!
 Hark! Louder still it strikes the ear,
 Telling lov'd CÆLINA's near,
 And all the promis'd blessings of her reign!

BOTH.

Hark! It echoes far and nigh,
 Spreading rapture to the sky!
 For the blis's let all prepare,
 And haste to greet the HEAV'N-invited Fair!

CHORUS.

Hark! It echoes, &c.

[then *Exeunt.*

SCENE,

The Palace, or rather Cavern of DISCORD, &c.

A dance of DEMONS.

[At the close of it DISCORD rushes in, followed by FACTION, ANARCHY, DEMOCRACY, (bearing the Tree of Liberty) ATE, &c. &c.]

DISCORD.

No more! no more! The dance forbear!

Greater objects claim our care!

NEPTUNE, vaunting in his pride,

Bids the Fleet triumphant ride,

Safe in —— gladden'd tide!

Could we but CÆLINA seize,

How these vaults would ring with praise!

How our Altars would be crown'd,

Thro'out GALLIA's utmost bound!

Mark! I see the incense rise,

In circ'ling odours to the Skies!

Loud-tongu'd all in the decree,

“ *Vive DISCORD et LIBERTE!* ”

Such a Sacrifice demands

The efforts both of Heart and hands!

Come then all! your Snakes prepare,

To blast the Triumph of the Fair!

ATE—

As

[As DISCORD calls these Grotesque characters, each comes forward, and having received their orders, each makes a fantastic bow, and goes out.]

Hence, ATE, to the neigb'ring shore,
Bid 'em "draw forth all their Pow'r!"
You have long their counsels led,
*Infusing madness in each head! [Exit ATE.

FACTION,

[Comes forward.

FACTION! go, fly! to Earth repair,
To spread your poison in the ear
Of all, who look, with jealous eye,
On BRITAIN's favour from on high! [Exit FACTION.

DEMOCRACY,

[Comes forward.

Go forth, DEMOCRACY! and raise
Each wav'ring flame into a blaze!
Take ANARCHY, your constant Friend,
To hated ALBION both ascend;
There to plant your sacred Tree
Of Enthusiast LIBERTY!

[Exeunt DEMOCRACY and ANARCHY.

Come all my FURIES! haste, prepare
Your hissing snakes to taint the air,
And blast the triumph of the Fair!

* Such was ATE's peculiar province and delight, by which she drew Mankind into misfortunes.

DISCORD

[DISCORD runs in—the rest follow with a hissing noise—fire and brimstone.]

SCENE.

The Sea at —— where CÆLINA lands. With a distant view of the BRITISH FLEET. NEPTUNE, The GENIUS, &c. on one side—a group of SWAINS on the other.

NEPTUNE. [pointing to the FLEET.

Lo! mine and BRITAIN's pride! Each honest TAR,
Himself a Host, and bulwark of the war!
And see! [AMPHITRITE rises from the Sea, and comes forward.

NEPTUNE.

Welcome, my QUEEN! No honours can exceed
Those which the GODS to VIRTUE have decreed!
And lo! CÆLINA.

Exact representation of the landing of CÆLINA and her Train. Officers, Sailors, Guards, &c. &c.

MUSICK. CHORUS.

“ See the chaste CÆLINA comes!
“ Sound the trumpets, &c.”

CÆLINA handed ashore by an Officer, who gives her to AMPHITRITE.

AMPHITRITE.

Welcome, fair Maid!

To

To all the joys that LOVE and VIRTUE give!

NEPTUNE.

Welcome to share the triumphs of my Fleet,
And all the trophies due unto your praise!

GENIUS.

Welcome to all the honours, TIME's records,
Or BRITAIN's GENIUS paid to female worth!

CÆLINA.

Bles'd DEITIES!—for tho' the Pow'rs above
Have plac'd my birth in a far distant Land—
Yet there, in Infancy, I learn'd your names,
And lisp'd your wond'rous praise! But now, since HEAV'N
Has pleas'd to call me to your favour'd Isle,
The more immediate witness of your grace;
Never was Homage more sincerely paid,
Than in th' exertion of CÆLINA's love,
To make your PEOPLE happy in DORANTHES;
So shall the incense of our grateful Hearts
Be offer'd at the shrine of PUBLIC GOOD!

NEPTUNE.

Of this we're well assur'd; and on that faith,
Came to conduct you safe to all the joys
Of HYMEN, LOYALTY, and purest LOVE!

Proceed

Proceed then to the palace of DORANTHES,
By HEAV'N approv'd most worthy of your hand!

[NEPTUNE and AMPHITRITE conduct CÆLINA in—all the female Train follow. As the GENIUS is going to lead the rest, an uproar is heard on the opposite side. The GENIUS turns back.]

GENIUS.

My Warriours stay! 'Tis—as my Mind presag'd—
ENVY's discordant rout. This way they come,
Haunting the footsteps of the Great and Good,
With baneful purpose to disturb their joy.

At sight of me, th' infernal, impious crew—
Whom, as immortal, you'd assault in vain—
Will fly and tremble! For the rest—but hark!—

[The clamour increases.

They come! arrange, and take the charge from me!

[They range, and draw their swords.

DISCORD enters with her clamourous rout, followed by FRENCH Sol-diery—swords drawn.

DISCORD.

Come on! And start not at terrestrial force!

GENIUS. [advancing to her.

But tremble at celestial! [DISCORD, &c. shrink back.

Fly the touch

of

Of mine and NEPTUNE's wand! Still may our pow'r
 Protect the land from horrour of Invasion,
 Or—greater curse!—from civil DISCORD's rage!

DISCORD.

Hell and confusion! Hence; away, away!
 How vain to cope with such superior strength!

[DISCORD and her party fly, with clamour.

GENIUS.

Pursue, and captive all their mortal aid!

The BRITISH pursue them. Enter some FRENCH Soldiery, followed by English—some shouting—“Down with the French!” The latter kneel as for quarter, and drop their swords. The BRITISH as in act to strike, when the GENIUS rushes to them.

GENIUS.

Hold, I command! Let not one drop of blood
 Pollute the Nuptials of this sacred Day,
 Herald of PEACE, and ever-flowing joy!

What day soe'er! 'Tis gallant BRITONS' pride,
 To spare the yielding Foe; but chiefly those,
 The victims of DELUSION, who are forc'd
 To combat glory, or inglorious die!

Then raise them up! and to the list'ning world,
 Support th' example of your native fame!

FULL CHORUS.

BRITONS, ever fam'd in story,
 Still in Mercy place their glory,
 Ever generous as brave,
 And if challeng'd forth to war,
 They ascend proud MARS' car,
 They CONQUER only for to SAVE!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The Hall of Discord.

DISCORD, and her rout, ENVY, JEALOUSY, &c. as in council.

A Table—JEALOUSY writing.

DISCORD.

AIR.

Confounded, sham'd, and put to flight,
 By a single doughty Wight,
 Shall we yield,
 Forsake the field,
 And fly, inglorious, from the light!

[They all rise clamourously, and come forward.

CHORUS.

No, no!

Let's go,

Our venom'd Snakes again to rear!

Their magic hiss

No more shall mis,

But drive our Victim to despair!

[Da Capo.

D 2

DISCORD.

DISCORD.

Away, to merit the decree,
Vive DISCORD et LIBERTE!

[All run out but DISCORD and JEALOUSY.

DISCORD.

Say, jealous fiend, hast finished well
 Our deep-concerted, private spell?
 In times of am'rous parle, like these,
 When Ladies play what pranks they please;
 When daily actions of CRIM. CON.
 Shew what *rare work* is going on;
 And ev'ry Man suspects his Mate,
 From Countess JANE to kitchen GATE;
 Let JEALOUSY but touch the heart,
 With lightest feather of her art,
 The venom spreads, its subtle rage
 Nor TIME, nor REASON can assuage!
 Such poison, such malignant flame,
 At fond DORANTHES I would aim?

JEALOUSY.

[Gives a paper.

Look, 'tis most done! but I would know,
 What signature to place below!

DISCORD.

Ha! wisely thought! Tush—let me see,

What

What with our Scheme will best agree!

I have it—put the **GENIUS'** name,

'Twill answer best, and more inflame!

For coming from a valu'd Friend,

Less doubt will on the truth attend!

Write then "The **GENIUS** of the Isle,"

'Twill cover the intended guile!

[*Gives the Paper.*] **JEALOUSY** returns to the Table.

AIR.

When open Force does nought avail,

To give the destin'd wound;

ENVY or **MALICE** seldom fail,

Their Object to confound!

Like sudden bursts of Lightning, they,

More rapid in their course,

Strike trembling Mortals with dismay,

And kill with double force!

JEALOUSY.

[*Giving the letter.*

Here 'tis, compleated as you said,

Sign'd, and seal'd with flaming red;

In the true tint of **JEALOUSY**,

Darting fire from either eye!

But it wakes my wonder still,

How the gen'ral wish fulfil!

How

How to DORANTHES you'll convey
The letter, to have proper sway!

DISCORD.

Leave that to me! As once the apple
I threw for GODDESSES to grapple;
So 'twill go hard for mortal Man,
To 'scape the trial of our plan!
For MISCHIEF seldom form'd a scheme of Ill,
But she found means to execute her will!
Come then!

Vive DISCORD et LIBERTE!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

The garden, where DORANTHES waits to receive CÆLINA.

DORANTHES.

[*Alone.*

'Ere this I hop'd the lovely, chaste CÆLINA—
The paragon and pride of ev'ry tongue—
Had blefs'd my eyes with wonder of her charms,
Like as my Soul's enamour'd of her Virtue!—
Yet she has 'scap'd the perils of the Sea.—

O! that th' Enthusiasm of a grateful Heart
Would teach me language adequate to praise
The kind protection of the bounteous GODS,
From hostile force, from BOREAS' wintry blasts,

And

And all the dangers of the raging Main !
 O then how boundless were my reverence !

An arrow, shot over the garden wall, drops in sight.

Ha ! what is that ? An arrow from the Clouds,
 Or else o'ershot athwart the garden wall !
 What can it mean ? Comes it with foul design,
 Or purpos'd injury from secret Foe ?
 Avaunt, that fear ! Judge me, all-seeing Pow'rs !
 If, by design, I offer'd violence
 To the minutest Creature of your hand,
 Much less to MAN, whose happiness and good
 Are the delighted objects of my Soul !
 'Tis strange indeed ! Let me examine more !

[Takes up the arrow.

Ha ! a Billet is attach'd——and to DORANTHES !

[Takes the letter off, flings the arrow away.

Some labour'd purpose brings it thus to hand !

Let's see—— [Opens the letter—reads.

“ Learn that, in this palsied time,
 “ Marriage is at best a crime !
 “ Mind then what the Adage says,
 “ And true Friendship here conveys,
 “ Studied Wedlock's short liv'd pleasure,
 “ Marry in haste, repent at leisure !

“ Would

“ Would you HYMEN’s bliss ensure,

“ Bethink you well—too late’s the cure !

“ Your’s and BRITANNIA’S GENIUS.”

GENIUS of HELL ! Curs’d Hieroglyphicks !

That dare to glance upon CÆLINA’s fame

The most oblique reflection ; wound my peace,

In what I held the bounty of the GODS,

To make the Nation, as DORANTHES, bless’d !

But soft—who’s here ? Let me conceal this tumult !

[Puts up the letter.

The GENIUS enters.

Joy, joy to all ! but chiefly to DORANTHES ! —

DORANTHES.

Before I greet the wish, declare, who are you ?

GENIUS.

Your’s and BRITANNIA’S GENIUS !

DORANTHES

[apart.

Can it be !

The very signature that clos’d the billet !

I ever heard, that Britain’s guardian Pow’r

[to him.

Was fam’d for great benignity of Soul,

For gen’rous Candour, and a GOD-like care

Of the peculiar interests of the Realm !

GENIUS.

GENIUS.

Else wherefore here at this eventful time,
 When WAR and HAVOCK desolate the Globe?
 Why? but to rouse the ardour of my Sons,
 To bear the task of danger undismay'd?
 Why? but to bring CÆLINA safe ashore,
 The pride, and future bleffing of my People?

DORANTHES.

[apart.

Sure, Falshood dwells not in such rev'rend form!
 Think me not, holy Seer! devoid of Sense,
 And gratitude for all, this boon in chief!
 But look! and judge the cause of my suspicion! [Gives the letter.

GENIUS.

[reads to himself.

“ Your's and BRITANNIA's Genius.”
 Genius of DISCORD, JEALOUSY, and SPLEEN!
 Shew me the land, where such invidious Foes
 Pursue not VIRTUE, and malign the GOOD!—
 But 'tis the Touchstone of Humanity,
 Which from the fiery ordeal comes more pure!
 Unerring TRUTH shall ratify my words!

[Waves his wand—Mufick.

AIR.

Parent of VIRTUE, Goddess bright,
 Who dispels the shades of Night,
 From the illumin'd Mind!

E

Come,

Come, sacred TRUTH, invok'd, appear!
 Descend from thy celestial Sphere,
 To purest Honour kind!
 Come, and every cloud remove,
 That dares obtrude on virtuous Love,
 And give each rash suspicion to the wind!

TRUTH descends in her car with CHERUBS; they alight.

The car rises.

TRUTH. [sings or speaks.

From the Star-bespangled Sky
 Of the blessed Pow'rs on high,
 Lo I come, at your request,
 And at the anxious Gods' behest,
 The arts of Falshood to disarm,
 To banish ev'ry vague alarm,
 And each ideal pang remove,
 That fain would cloud the scene of LOVE!

GENIUS.

Accept our thanks! Now view that scroll! [Gives the paper.

TRUTH. [smiling.

If TRUTH be TRUTH, I know the whole!
 'Tis DISCORD, who, this mad'ning time,
 Would spread her rage from clime to clime!

And

And here, a **P E O P L E**'s gen'ral good
 By such event might be withstood,
 Could She reverse kind **H E A V ' N**'s decree,
 To make the Nation **B L E S S ' D**, as **F R E E**!

DORANTHES.

What secret rapture flows from ev'ry word!
 O grant we may deserve!

GENIUS.

To Minds, like yours',
 Nurtur'd in Science, and the paths of Good,
 How easy 'tis to follow **V I R T U E**'s steps,
 Assur'd, thro' Her, of favour and reward!

TRUTH.

All-confident their lives will prove
 To **V I R T U E** sacred, as to **L O V E** ;
 I here declare, much-honour'd Youth!
 Not **F A L S H O O D**, and unerring **T R U T H**,
 Not distant further Pole from Pole,
 Nor wildest frenzies of the Soul,
 Than impotent the thought to raise
 Reflection of **C O E L I N A**'s praise!

But see! the **D A E M O N** comes apace,
 With borrow'd garb, and borrow'd face;

All-anxious the event to scan,
 And forward her destructive plan !
 Seem you to pause upon the wile,
 We'll rush forth, and her schemes beguile !

[*Gives the Paper to DORANTHES, She and the GENIUS retire back.*

While DORANTHES muses over the letter, DISCORD enters disguised as a country Girl.

DISCORD.

[*aside*

He has it ! O the wond'rous blaze
 Of GALLIC altars to our praise ! [*advances to him.*
 Honour'd DORANTHES ! By my Father's charge,
 I come with happy tidings, that CÆLINA—

DORANTHES.

[*musing.*

CÆLINA ! leave me, Child ! O— [turns away, as affected.

DISCORD.

[*apart.*

O the joy,
 This dreaded Union could I but dissolve !

DORANTHES.

CÆLINA—said'st thou ?—what—

DISCORD.

Tending our Flocks,
 Upon the lofty summit of yon hill,
 Whose

Whose view extends some miles upon the plain,
 We mark'd the clouds of dust, which rose so thick,
 We knew th' expected Troop must be CœLINA's—

DORANTHES.

I grieve—I cannot thank you—for the news!

TRUTH. [smiling behind.

Well done!—But hark—that Trump breaks off delay!

[*Distant trumpet within—TRUTH and the GENIUS come forward.*

DISCORD.

[apart.

Ha! foil'd again! confusion—

TRUTH.

Hold, Sorc'ress, hold!

And if you'd 'scape the justice of our wrath,
 Submit to TRUTH, and answer to the charge!

Say! whose that Letter?

DISCORD.

No pen of mine

Produc'd a single word!

TRUTH.

Shame on th' evasion!

You only dictated to JEALOUSY—

DISCORD.

DISCORD.

[apart.]

How vain to contradict! too strong the Pow'rs,
That guard the envied pair!

Well; be it so!

[to them.]

Mischief's my bus'ness, as delight, you know!

TRUTH.

Vain both, against th' opposing will of HEAV'N!—
But the Time preffes! mark then their Decree!
As once the thunder-bearing JOVE
Hurl'd you from the realms above;
So—if again your impious Crew
Shall here your fland'rous arts purſue—
They'll drive you to your fit domain,
To GALLIA's all-difcordant plain;
There you may rant, and rave at will,
And all your Hellish ſchemes fulfiſ!
Let FACTION wake the laſt Despair,
And ſpread her defolation there;
'Till HEAV'N, in mercy, bids their fury ceafe,
And gives the Nations round the wiſh'd-for Peace!

GENIUS.

Reply not, but away! their fury dread!
Hence; 'ere the Light'ning flashes on your head!

[Pushes her in.—It lightens.]

DORANTHES.

DORANTHES.

In rapt'rous silence only can I bend
To such unmerited——

TRUTH.

No more! for here
My brightest emblem doth appear!

GENIUS.

So shall the gladden'd world enjoy the Scene!

[Waves his wand—the Scene opens and discovers the crowd waiting—
then enter CÆLINA and her Train—Officers, Guards, &c.]

TRUTH. [takes CÆLINA's hand.

Blush not, fair Maid! that TRUTH desires your hand,
Here to present you to as certain bliss! [gives her to DORANTHES.

CÆLINA.

Thus let—— [Offering to kneel, he prevents her.

DORANTHES.

Such Charms, such Virtue, bord'ring on divine,
Should only kneel to the all-bounteous GODS——

CÆLINA.

To them, in humblest gratitude, I bow!—
Next, to bright TRUTH, and to this holy SEER,
To me fore-known, the GENIUS of the land;

Whose

Whose visage speaks beneficence and love !
 O may their Grace attend their VOTARESS' steps !

TRUTH AND THE GENIUS.

Expect it doubled on your precious heads !

CŒLINA. [turning to DORANTHES.]

And O DORANTHES ! if my fervent pray'r
 Can ratify the purpose of my Soul ;
 'Tis, that the influence of our mutual bliss,
 Descending like the kindly dew of Heav'n,
 May fill the harvest of the gen'ral joy !

DORANTHES.

Why doubt it, Sweet ! beneath your happy rule,
 While thus my Heart receives you to its love ! [Embraces her.]
 But come ! Fatigue demands refreshment due,
 Then will I lead you to the nuptial Shrine !

[To TRUTH and the GENIUS.]

And O—if Mortals might such favour court,
 We would entreat your stay——

GENIUS.

Pleas'd we'll attend ;
 Then, our glad mission done, to HEAV'N ascend !
 [They go out in order—the Crowd follows with shouts.]

SCENE.

SCENE.

*The Street.**Before DORANTHES' House.*

*Enter a group of Beggars male and female, Boys, &c.—They bawl.

Joy, joy, joy! my noble Master and Mistress—joy.

[Money thrown to them—they scramble for it, then bawl.

Joy, joy—thank you, my noble Master and Mistress—Long life and health, &c.

BEGGARS.

Come—a dance for joy! then we'll go—

Eat and drink, and frisk and play,

This is Beggars' Holyday!

[A Crutch Dance—then they run in shouting, joy, joy! &c.

These may be followed by a set of Marrowbones and Cleavers (which 'tis presumed will attend.)

ONE OF THEM.

Come, my Boys! a peal before hand, by way of a fillip, to keep our hands in—strike up— [They play, and exeunt.

They may be succeeded by a group of Ballad-singers—Papers in their hands. They bawl about.

* As some delay must follow here to admit time for the refreshment proposed, and get ready the Procession, some, if not all, of these intermediate Scenes seemed most applicable to the Subject; and “*Seria scerneret ludo*”—need but be hinted to the learned Reader.

Here's a favourite new Song, or the great and happy Nuptials
of MASTER DORINTH and MISS CELLY—

[*People cross the Stage—one of them says—*

Come, give us a slice of it!

BALLAD SINGERS.

Ay, that you shall, your Honours!—

[*They hem in burlesque, as tuning their pipes—then squall.*

TUNE—*Tommy O'Linn.*

GEORGY DORINTH a courting would go,
'Twas to CÆLINA, we very well know!
Oh! she was all beauty, and he was all grace,
Success to them both, may they have a long race!
Oh! she was, &c. “ 'Twill do, 'twill do, &c.—

BALLAD SINGERS.

Here, my Masters! here—piping hot from GRUB-STREET.

[*They hand ballads about—are offered halfpence.*

BALLAD SINGER.

**Ah—my Masters! halfpence such a Day as this—a shilling
at least—**

PASSENGER.

Hang your Conscience—if you have any—there—there.

[*Pays—takes a Ballad.—He and the Passengers go out.*

BALLAD

BALLAD SINGER.

Rare doings—a whole shilling—

MOLL. [squalls within—drunk.

The whole gr- gr- grand order—

[The Ballad Singers laugh—one of them says—

Here comes drunken MOLL—she's up to it already.

MOLL. [enters.

The whole gr- gr- grand order and fu- fu- fu-ne-rai procession
—[they laugh.] what's the matter, and be burned to you? Are you
all dr- dr- drunk?

BALLAD SINGER.

Not yet, MOLL! in good time. But if we are not, we know
who is. How came you by it so soon, MOLL?

MOLL.

A goo- goo- good-natur'd Gentleman—they call'd him Jo- Jo-
JONNY BULL, gave me a wh- whole half Crown for the gr- gr-
grand funeral procession, and bid me go dr- drink on the happy
occasion. I took the hon- honest Gentleman at his word—and I
and PAT GALLACHER went, and we had but three OUTS between
us—he said he would not dr- drink more—because the Gin was
raised so high lately—

BALLAD SINGER.

Ay, Moll! that's the blessing of living in a free Country.

F 2

MOLL.

MOLL.

A—ha! fly DICK! but come along—[pulling him,] and you shall have another—d- dear as it is—

BALLAD SINGER.

Let's go with her! But up with the Song as we go, or we shall lose our Customers.

GEORGY DORINTH, &c.

[Exeunt singing.

Enter a group of Poets of different Countries.

1st. POET.

Come, Come! we shall be too late!

[Exit.

2d. POET.

[a paper in his hand.

Hold!—such a thought! match it who dare—

[reads and rants.

“ The womb of TIME

“ Never brought forth a Hero more renown'd,

“ Nor fairer Beauty never yet was crown'd!”

There's the sublimity of sublime! Grandeur and softness so happily united—

[rants.

“ The womb of TIME

“ never brought forth”— that—that's it!—

“ Never brought forth a Hero more renown'd”—

Sublimity and Truth!—None of your bombast—your fulsome, fawning, flattering stuff of the age! Truth with sublimity—
a—ha—then comes the piano—

“ Nor

" *Nor fairer Lady never yet was crown'd!*"

Truth again, and delicacy itself! It beats the sublime and beautiful put together! match it who can——

3d. POET.—*Irishman.*

By my Shoul and that I can—or my Countryman for me—its all one, my Jewell!—its but common *shivity* for Authors to borrow from one another—so here's my *Smilly* for you—— [Sings.

" Her eyes are like the Whiting,

" Show light in

" The darkest night"——

There; match that—bub—a—boo—Devil an ENGLISH Poet's among you but's all IRISH, my Jewell!

2d. POET.

Rat your Blarney! what stuff to mine? [reads, &c.

" The womb of TIME"——

A--ha--ha!——

[laughs, shakes his head, and Exit.

4th. POET.

Rat your Politicks, say I! 'tis they have kick'd the MUSES, and us, their Understrappers, out of house and home. Nothing but speechifying--*pro's* and *con's* as long as my arm——

IRISHMAN.

Longer, longer, Honey! Long as the *Oblisk* at least--ah--Devil burn your Politricks!

4th. POET.

4th. POET.

Politicks and war! Why there's all our Heroicks, Sonnets, Madrigals, Gratulations, ay, and Congratulations, all drown'd in smoke and noise; and nothing left us to eat but fire and brim-stone.—

IRISHMAN.

Don't forget the little soft bullets, Jewell! they are so *tinder*, so easy of *digestion*, and so *cramming*, they leave us, and *tousands* beside, no stomachs to eat at all at all, Honey!

SCOTCHMAN.

Weel—we o' the North are wiser than ye *aw*—we never *trooble* our heads with So-nets, Madrigals, or *sic* like *poetical* nonsense. History is our fort—and that, you *ken*, is the foun-tain-stone, the main mast, as I may call it, of Po-liticks. So with a little smattering of that, we trudge up to *toon*—wha matters whether we have *Filibegs* on or na, Laddy! and running with the *crood*—never ganging against the stream—na—never—thanks to *St. Andrew*! we soon find way to a share of the loaves and fishes—ken you that, Laddy?

IRISHMAN.

[*taking him off.*

I ken it right weel, Saundy! and have a long time; for by my Shoul, you take care to have a *haund* in the loaves and fishes wherever you put your *foots*, Laddy!

SCOTCHMAN.

SCOTCHMAN.

Weel--and what are ye aw scrabbling about--poetising and spiderising your brains out, but for the loaves and fishes, Mon!

4th. POET.

True, SAUNEVY! but now, now--instead of stew'd prunes and water-gruel; the loaves and fishes, roast beef and pudding, Man!

IRISHMAN.

Where will your *Poetricks* be then, Jewel? By ST. PATRICK! your brains will be too costive to *digest* such hard Stuff as *Poetricks*. But come--or the big Folks behind will be *after* being *before us*. Come!

[*The three go out.*

WELSHMAN.

[*comes forward.*

They're all mad! Poetrys--*Cot's plut*--Povertys! Not a Welsh rabbet to be got by it now-a-days! Better sow Leeks, or strum the Harp a' Sundays! Poetrys! *Cot's plut*--*hur* will e'en hame! But hold, hold! *Hur* *forcot* that--*hnr* own dear, generous PRINCE--*hur* *forcot* that! Ha--TAFFY for ever! *Hur* will go, and write the EPITH--EPITH--*Cot's plut*--what is it? ay--ay--the EPI-THALMUM directly.

[*runs in.*

SCENE,

The procession to the Temple.

Musick--Flower Girls, strewing flowers--Priests--Virgins--The GENIUS--TRUTH--HYMEN--VENUS and CUPID--CÆLINA conducted by

by Virgins, others bearing her Train--Maids of Honour, &c.—DORANTHES between two Nobles, with his Train--Attendants, &c.

[Having passed round, they return to the Temple. The Gates fly open. The Altar burning with incense. They enter, and the Company take their Seats. HYMEN then advances to the altar, with DORANTHES and CÆLINA.]

HYMEN.

Never yet, in sacred bands,
Did HYMEN join more faithful hands!
Live, and love! Be GOOD, as GREAT!
'Tis VIRTUE makes the bliss compleat!

VENUS.

[to CÆLINA.

Tho' NATURE lavish'd all her art,
To form your person like your Heart!
Yet Venus this fond CÆSTUS gives,
Whence ev'ry Charm in vigour lives! [Gives a rich girdle.

TRUTH.

What gift can add to human worth,
Beyond that of unerring TRUTH!
'Tis yours', with HONOUR's constant praise,
Unto Life's remotest Days!

GENIUS.

Your GENIUS, lo! confers renown,

Presented

Presented thus with Laurel-crown ! [Crowns each.

Fearless with that, my SON ! engage,
And quell the mad'ning Tumult's rage !

DORANTHES.

All-gracious Pow'rs ! O how shall we essay —

GENIUS.

Let your Deeds speak ! Be HAPPY and OBEY !

And now let MUSICK's Soul-subduing note,
Thro'out the Shrine, in jocund measure float !
And let recording TIME enroll the lay,
That swells in rapture of this nuptial Day.

[He and all take their places. The Singers come forward.

GRAND FINALE.

AIR and CHORUS.

PART 1st.

See, descending from above,
Emblems pure of sacred LOVE !

Rays of VIRTUE fill the place,
Shedding lustre, shedding grace !

See their beams on all descend,
Who the Nation's cause befriend !

PART 2d.

See, in Hymeneal state,
How the LOVES and GRACES wait !

VIRTUE, HONOUR, ever bright,

H

WISDOM,

WISDOM, TRUTH's celestial light !

CONSTANCE, still-blooming Maid,
Whose endearments never fade !

All in sacred form appear,
To bless the Nuptials of the Fair !

PART 3d.

O BRITAIN's ever-hallow'd Friend,
Smiling VICTORY descend !

VICTORY, whose arm sustains
The Warrior's spear, requites his pains !

VICTORY, best guide to Peace,
Who bids the vanquish'd Nation cease !

Who makes the Foe

His pride forego,

And to the gladden'd World gives HEAV'N's especial grace !

GRAND CHORUS.

Fir'd with the hope, ye BRITONS raise
Hymns of Triumph, songs of Praise,

To GEORGE and CAROLINE,

Offspring both of race divine !

Let the gladden'd People round,

With eager voice,

Greet HYMEN's choice,

While to the vaulted Sky the strains rebound !

[The Curtain drops.

THE END.

P. S.

AU LECTEUR.

INDULGE me, kind Reader, to employ this accidental space with a few Remarks.

If the preceding Scenes shall be so fortunate to meet his approbation, and thence be adjudged worthy of the Composer's art, and dramatic performance, the question may naturally arise--"Was it presented to the Theatre?" It really ~~was not~~. For, antecedent to its being finished, though in time to have answered the first-expected arrival of the Fleet--the Author was assured a piece was adopted at one Theatre; and though no great *political conjuration* was necessary to judge the prospect of success at the other, yet an oblique attempt was made, when severe illness, and the daily-expected arrival of the PRINCESS long since, checked his perseverance, fearful of its being too late.

The approving Reader--if such favour shall be found--the approving, sympathetic Reader will please to admit the amazing difference, both in fame as profit, between a successful performance and any publication. If then these Scenes, and those submitted to the Public in the Tragedy of SOMERSET--which was received by Mr. Garrick, approved by Dr. Johnson, Mr. Sheridan, the elder, &c. &c. if these give any specimen of dramatic abilities, how will his sympathy be awakened to hear, that with other M. S. pieces as strongly recommended, our Author has never been able to obtain a single trial on the Stage. But however unconscious of the least offence to Managers, Authors, or Performers--as *Satire* never yet tainted his public pen--"*latet anguis in herba*"--the snake has been discovered, though the cause of his sting remains as yet a mystery.

Loyalty

Loyalty and respect forbid expatiating here, more than to insinuate his hope, that the public approbation of THIS MASK will raise some Spirit of literary patronage in his favour, so prevent his developing such unprecedented treatment, and proposing its remedy in future; which otherwise is intended as part of a work now preparing for the Press, and nearly ready to be submitted to the generous and candid Reader.



1